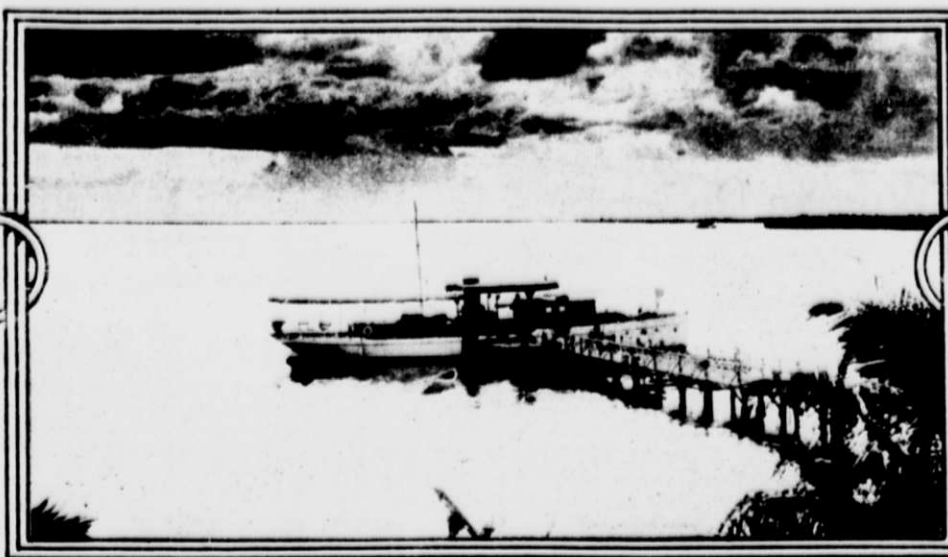
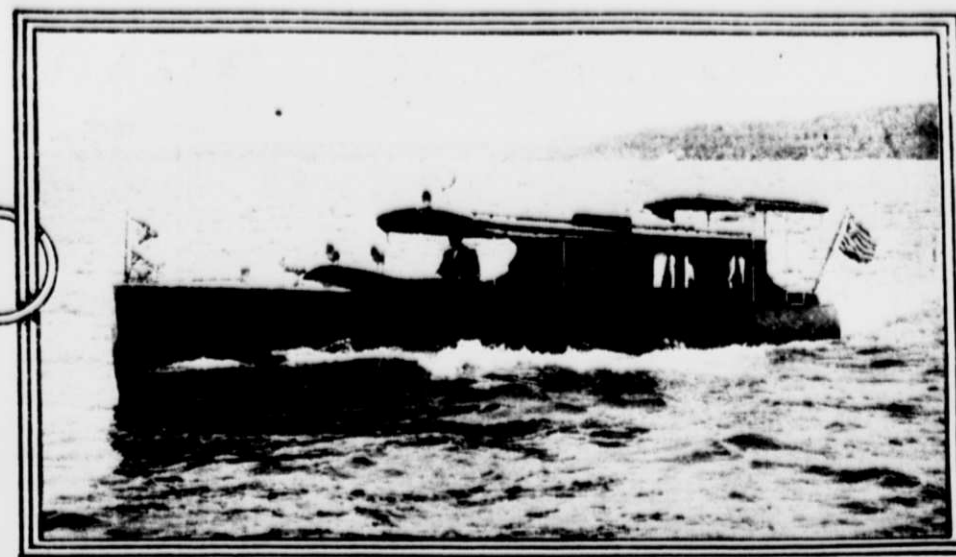


Twin screw power houseboat Marigold, in service on Great Lakes.



The Ethel M. Ward.



Peter Pan, Sr., holder of cabin launch championship.

MEN OF MODERATE MEANS NOW ENJOY MOTOR BOAT SPORT

Perfection of Gasoline Motor Has Enabled Those Who Love the Water to Indulge in Their Hobby

MOTOR boating has grown very much in popularity in the last ten years. When Sir Thomas Lipton came after the America's Cup in 1903 with his Shamrock, only a very few craft were equipped with gasoline motors and they were used largely by men of wealth who had equipped small craft with these internal combustion engines because they were novelties and because they wanted launches that would be fast and better than the old fashioned naphtha launch.

Some of these men, too, had the speed craze and imagined that they could have as much fun on the water with high speed craft as they could on the land with automobiles. There were a few speed boats that could make twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, and that speed was thought to be wonderful.

The playthings of these men of means enabled engineers and builders to experiment, and after much hard work and many failures the gasoline motor was perfected, so that to-day fifty miles an hour is an ordinary performance, and those who have the high speed craze are looking for the mile a minute boat, which many think is close at hand. Perhaps it will come in the day series of races for the British international trophy which is to be raced for in England and for which boats representing England, France and America will compete.

The success of the gasoline motor has done much to boom power boat racing for men of moderate means. Before it was perfected only the wealthy could enjoy the sport, because it is a costly matter to own and maintain a steam yacht. Those who had not the means to indulge in a steam yacht and who loved the water used small sailing craft, and the catboat and the small deep were very popular.

The catboat has almost disappeared. Some craft of this type are found along the coast, but nearly all are fitted with small gasoline motors so that their owners can enjoy sailing and when the wind dies out they are always sure of being able to get back into harbor. It is the same way with many of the small sloops. They have small motors which are used in calms and headwinds.

The gasoline motor has almost driven the small steam yacht off the water. No one nowadays thinks of building a steam yacht of less than 150 feet water line and many of the older steamers of that size and under have had their engines and boilers taken out and gasoline motors and tanks installed instead. They are building motor yachts now up to 150 feet in length. The largest racing yacht of this type built so far is the Florence, which was designed by Gougeon & Orr for a Mr. Petersen of New York, Ohio. This yacht was built at Lacey's yard, near Boston, and has been a big success.

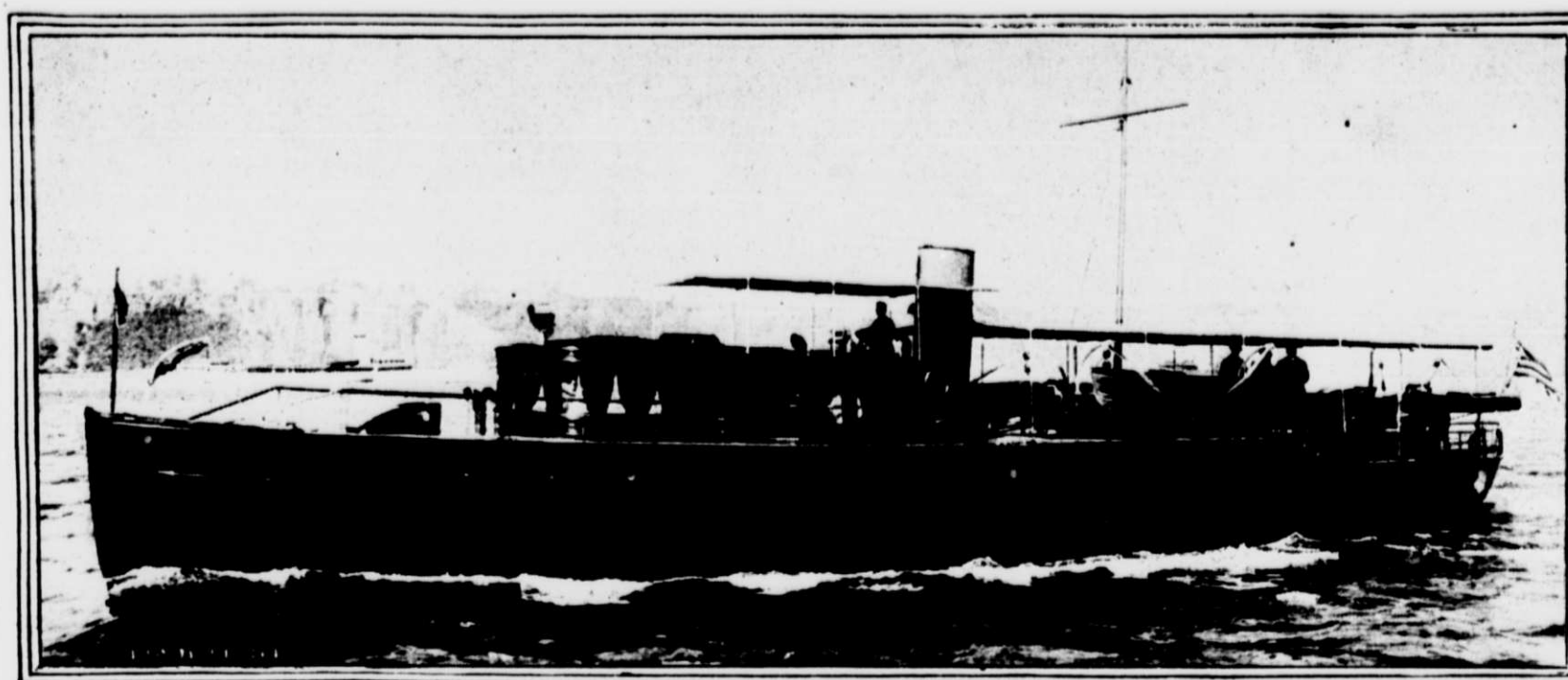
The advantages of the motor yacht are many. First of all the motor is much cheaper than the steam engine and boiler. To run a steam engine a licensed engineer is necessary. A licensed engineer is required with a gasoline motor. For a steam engine one or two oilers are necessary and for a gasoline motor one oiler is required to feed the fuel into the furnace. A gasoline motor can run an engine of moderate size.

It is not only the saving of wages that counts in this way, but the men in the engine force of a steamer have to be fed and they have to have room to sleep which means more expense. In the small motor yacht the engine crew usually sleeps in bunks built in the space devoted to the engine. In larger vessels they have separate quarters. Gasoline costs less than coal, and the tanks to hold the liquid fuel are much smaller than the bunkers used to carry the coal. Another advantage in favor of the motor yacht is that the engine is a steam boat the vessel, while the engine of a motor yacht is always cool.

When a steamer stops running the fire continues to burn and there is still steam in the boiler. When a motor yacht stops there is no consumption of fuel until the motor is started again. In the case of a day's run with a steamer the fires have to be banked so that they will last through the night. In a motor yacht a cook stops the flow of gasoline into the motor and all is done.

There is always dust on a steamer and the men have to be dumped overboard, while there is no waste of this kind on a motor boat. The saving of fuel on a motor boat is considerable. Fuel tanks can be placed under floors. The gas the motor is a small affair and takes much less space than a steam engine, boiler and bunkers.

A 40 foot motor yacht will have as much accommodation below deck as a 75 foot steamer. A 75 foot motor yacht will equal a 100 foot steamer in amount of room, and a 100 foot motor yacht



The Indian, Joseph Van Vleck, Jr., owner.

will accommodate as many in the owner's party as a 150 foot steamer.

The types of motor yachts are many. There are cruisers reaching 150 feet in length. There are what are termed day boats, which have plenty of open space and perhaps one small saloon and a cabin. There are boats up to 40 feet in length that can be handled by one man and which will accommodate five or six passengers and sleep them comfortably. There are small craft of all sorts and sizes—open launches, speed boats, yacht tenders, boats of the hunting cabin type, which has the cabin forward and a cockpit aft; raised deck cruisers, which have the deck raised so as to give lots of room below, and houseboats.

The gasoline motor has really developed the houseboat. The old style houseboat was built on a scow and could only be moved from one anchorage to another by being towed. Now the houseboat is a very yacht-like looking craft, having a well shaped hull on which the house is built, and it is equipped with a motor so that the owner can shift his moorings as often as desired. Many houseboats now make extended cruises. They are north in summer and south in winter. Some are so able that they can go from Northern waters to Florida outside, while others go through the canals.

It has been estimated that there are more than 200,000 motor boats in this country. The majority are small open launches that are found on every river or lake, but there are some thousands of boats that range in size from 25 feet in length up.

The motor yacht has done much to open up waterways. With the sailing yacht it was impossible to navigate many of the tortuous rivers or to enter shallow harbors. They could only be towed through canals, too. The motor yacht can go anywhere if there is enough water to float it.

Their owners make cruises of two or three days or two or three months. Motor yachts have gone from New York up the Hudson River, through the canals into the great lakes and then on through Mexico, returning to New York either by the outside route or through the canals again.

One of the most attractive of the larger motor yachts is the Blue Bird, which was built last year for Clark L. Poole of Chicago. The yacht was designed by Gougeon & Orr and was built by Seabury & Co. It is 126 feet long and 18 feet 6 inches beam. Its draught is 6 feet, so that it can keep in practically shallow water and can make 14½ miles an hour.

It is a steel vessel. It is driven by two motors of 125 horse-power each. The arrangements are unusually good. Forward for a distance of 84 feet the sides of the hull are carried up and connected with a flush deck. Aft of this for a distance of 20 feet there is a teak cabin trunk 18 inches high fitted with plate glass windows on each side. Aft of this there is a flush deck 12 feet in length. The space immediately after the col-

lision bulkhead is occupied by the crew. This is 26 feet long and there are state-rooms for the captain, engineer, cook and steward. The engine space is next aft and the motors are between steel watertight bulkheads. Next aft is the galley and then comes the space for the gasoline tanks. This yacht carries 3,350 gallons of fuel.

Next aft comes the saloon 12 feet long

be handled by one man. It costs \$4,500 and is so arranged that there are berths on board for eight persons.

The yacht has a high, well shaped bow, which makes it very weatherly, and in the forward part are the galley, the engine space and one stateroom. Aft under a cabin trunk are another large stateroom and a cabin. The yacht is handled from the bridge, where the con-



Fred Betz 3d, doing a mile in 1:14.

and then three single and two double state-rooms and two bathrooms. The dining room and smoking room are under the bridge.

The Indian, also a Gielow boat, owned by Joseph Van Vleck, Jr., is another cruiser, a little smaller. This boat is 100 feet long and 16 feet 6 inches beam. She is a wooden vessel and is driven by two motors of 60 horse-power each, which send her along at twelve miles an hour. She can carry 1,575 gallons of fuel, which will last for 100 hours continuous running or carry the yacht 1,200 miles.

The Indian has a dining saloon under the bridge, a saloon 11 feet long with 6 feet 4 inches headroom and sleeping accommodations for eight. This yacht has cruised all along the coast and in West Indian waters.

The Lady Betty, another Gielow yacht, is 123 feet long and is owned by Walter Lippincott of Philadelphia. She has two deck houses. The dining room is in the forward house and the smoking room is in the after house. The arrangement is somewhat like that of the Blue Bird. She has a saloon below deck, five single state-rooms and one double stateroom and can make fourteen miles an hour with two motors of 100 horse-power each.

One of the most popular types of the smaller cruising yachts is the Elco cruiser, which is 45 feet long and can

be handled by one man. It carries two motors of 100 horse-power and an awning covers the after deck.

The Elco company has turned out many fast express boats, runabouts and high speed craft. One of the best of the high speed craft is the Baby Ro, owned by Fred Betz 3d of Philadelphia. This boat has made a mile in 1 minute 14 seconds, which is at the rate of 46.65 miles an hour. It has been raced very consistently and has won many prizes. The express boats or runabouts are built of mahogany and are ideal for afternoon fun. They can make from 20 to 30 miles an hour. The cockpits will seat eight or ten persons in wicker chairs, they have automobile tops, glass windshields and in case of wet weather side awnings.

One of the most popular of the runabouts type is the Cinderella, which is closely related to the Peter Pan family. James Simpson is the father of this family and he has built several fast racing craft at the Reliance Motor Boat Company's works on the Harlem. His present boat is the Peter Pan VI, with which he expects to win the gold challenge cup.

The Cinderella is a fast runabout that can win races speeding at thirty-five miles an hour and is so well modelled that she can carry eight persons, and while running at high speed

will not throw a drop of spray aboard. Another relative of this famous family is the Peter Pan senior, which won the championship for the cabin launch type of yacht.

The Heart of a Knob Country Girl

"If my Uncle Salem," remarked the man from the Knob country, "hadn't been bound to rocky a sheepdog that didn't belong to him from a bear the dog had tackled, he wouldn't never been my Uncle Salem, 'cause my Aunt Hanner never would 'a' 'cepted his apology for doin' somethin' that had riled her most tremendous, fer that sot in her way natur' o' her'n had took a poaty tolerable good grip on to her as 'ariy as that, she bein' then only comin' eighteen. An' if sh' hadn't 'a' made him my Uncle Salem he usety declare up an' down that he'd 'a' gone down to an 'arly grave, gloom an' disappointment would 'a' gnawed him so."

"The voice of the panther was bein' riz in the land round the Knob country yit in them days, an' one day my Uncle Salem was prowlin' in the woods, pinin' fer to have a chance at somethin', he didn't care whether it was bear or panther, fer his ol' flintlock never got skeert at nothin', but he didn't s'pect to

ball outen a cannon, an' I was so everlastin'ly dumfuddled in my head at that astoundin' sight that I jest stood stock still in my tracks an' never a wint thought o' my ol' flintlock," so my Uncle Salem 'd say, an' at that w'd shake our heads an' declare we couldn't skereely believe it, it not bein' like him a bit, w'd declare, an' he'd shake his head back to us an' say no, seemin'ly not, but he'd have to own up to it jest the same.

"But, he'd go on to say, the gal met the panther with her club while the ugly critter was in the air an' tumbled it back as if it mowed 'a' run slam ag'in a rock, head on, an' she shuck her club at it, an' my Uncle Salem bein' her sayin' to it, her a standin' there a-pantin', an' her eyes a-glarin'."

"You better quit foolin' with me, you pesky varmint you!"

"We'd skereely believed it if my Uncle Salem hadn't told us so, time after time, but that panther had got up an' shot through the air ag'in at the gal, an' she had doubled him up some more with her club, an' he had riz to make a third spring at her 'fore my Uncle Salem got over the spell the sight o' that gal had put on him. Then, as the panther was gittin' ready to spring the third time, he come to an' says to hisself:

"Now's my chance! I'll save this astoundin' gal from that panther, an' there ain't no knowin' what'll happen, she'll be so tremendous thankful," so my Uncle Salem says to hisself, an' he up an' let of flintlock holle.

"The panther tumbled over back'r'ds, an' never peeped ag'in. But wa'n't he sorry, the very next second? You'd 'a' think so, I guess, if you'd ever heard him tell about it.

"The gal hadn't seem him yit, but when she heard the gun, an' see the panther tumble, she turned on him, her eyes glarin' wuss at him than they had at the panther, an' with her club riz as if she had a notion to lay it on to him, she was so mad an' fery.

"Who be you, I'd like to know, that comes sneakin' up an' mixin' in with my fun an' sp'illin' it?" she opened up onto him and says: 'A few more clips an' that panther 'd 'a' been mine, an' I don't thank nobody to sneak up with a gun an' take it away from me!

Fleet of 200,000 Motor Boats Built in Last Ten Years Has Almost Driven Steam Yachts Off the Water

see what he did see. As I come out suddenly into an open space, right there of all things stood the poottiest gal he ever sot his eyes on to. Her eyes was flashin', an' her chist was heavin', an' her cheeks was 'most on fire, they was so red. She had a big club in her hand, with it riz over her shoulder.

"An' what do you s'pose that gal was so all pervadin' excited about?" my Uncle Salem usety up an' ast as he gloated over the tellin' of it, an' w'd always say, why, great spooks, we didn't know; an' then he usety say, 'Good reason she had, by thumps!'

"I hadn't mo'n stepped into that openin' an' seen that amazin' sight," he'd say, 'when a shammin' big panther crouchin' on a log sprung at her like a

"Anybody kin git a panther with a gun!" says she, sneerin' at him so that he 'most sunk through the 'arth. Then what did that amazin' gal do but sweep up to the log, which was holler, an' reachin' into it drag out a young panther.

"An' she held that air cub up by the neck, spite of its kickin' an' squawlin', my Uncle Salem usety say, 'till she reached in the log an' drag out another young un, an' clutchin' 'em both by the neck she knocked their heads together till they was dead. Then she turned her glare on to me ag'in, my Uncle Salem usety to tell us, 'an' says, 'If it hadn't been fer you a sneakin' up with a gun I'd 'a' had the old un too! Hope

you'll in'fy the stealin' of her!" says she, an' slingin' the two dead cubs over her shoulder she went sweepin' away, with her head in the air, so Uncle Salem remembered it, an' he gazed after her till she was out o' sight, an' then he got his breath an' says to hisself:

"No life savers is needed 'round where that astoundin' gal is!" says he. 'But unless I git that gal, there ain't nothin' that'll save my life!' says he. Then he kicked the dead panther a few times an' went home.

"My Uncle Salem met that gal the nex' week at an' appleat an' that appleat was at my gran'papp's an' that amazin' gal was my gran'papp's darter an' she was my Aunt Hanner, though I didn't know it at the time, not havin' come a-wal'in' into this vale o' tears fer quite a considerable number o' years arterw'ds. But she stuck up her nose at him an' says she didn't keer to know folks that 'd sneak 'round with guns to git 'other' folks' panthers, an' she wouldn't 'cep' his 'ology, so he went home a sick an' sufferin' chap if there ever was one, so he always declared up an' down.

"But not long arter that he struck a streak o' joyful luck. Havin' borried Swamp Run Joe's sheepdog to help gather up some sheep o' his'n that had broke pastur', a dog that Swamp Run Joe thought more of than he did of anythin' else there was, he was on his way to his clearin' with it when a big bear jumped up out the brush an' went tearin' away towards the seamy rocks that lay a little ways ahead o' 'em.

"The sheepdog was down on bears the wust way an' spite of all my Uncle Salem could do, icky-te-split right that bear he went, an' follered after in the hole in the rocks where the bear had gone. My Uncle Salem run right up an' he heard the bear an' the dog at it tooth an' nail down in that bear den. Now, if that dog was to get killed my Uncle Salem knowed he never could look Swamp Run Joe in the face ag'in, so slam bang into that dark hole in the rocks he tumbled, with nothin' but his jackknife, bound to rocky that dog or know the reason fer why.

"He never knowed ex'actly all the p'int's o' that tussle down in that den, but when he come to he was layin' on the bear's carcass an' the dog was layin' 'longside o' him, lickin' his hands an' face an' chist, the dog bein' poaty toller-able well tore up hisself. My Uncle Salem was laid up fer more'n three weeks from the consequences o' that rocky o' Swamp Run Joe's sheepdog, an' o' course the happenin' o' it got spread all 'round the Knob country an' one day my Uncle Salem was knocked out poaty nuch as complete as he was by the bear in the rocks by kittin' an' invitin' from that amazin' gal to some doin's at her house.

"He went, an' didn't see come right up to him an' shuck hands with him, an' her eyes wa'n't glarin', but they was bright, my Uncle Salem usety say, 'an' her cheeks was rosy but not hot up, an' she says to him:

"Guess I'll 'cept that 'ology o' your'n about gittin' that panther away from me," says she.

"An' in less'n a month my Aunt Hanner was managin' that clearin' o' his'n, fer she had made him my Uncle Salem, but he never would 'a' been my Uncle Salem if he hadn't been bound to rocky that sheepdog that wa'n't his'n, 'cause my Aunt Hanner never would 'cepted his 'ology s'etch was the sot in her wayness of her natur', even when she was only comin' o' 18, so my Uncle Salem usety declare up an' down."

Esperanza, owned by L. Hart McKee.

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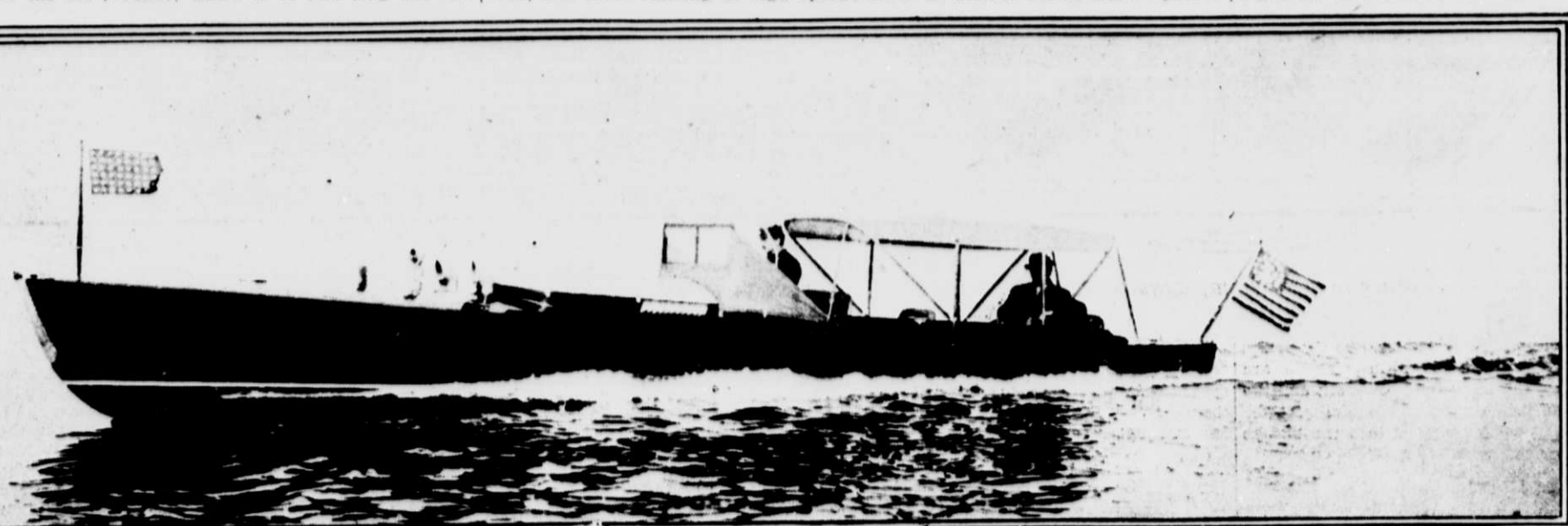
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Elco Express, speed twenty-four miles an hour.